Before you haue them.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lords, the English lie within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.

Con. VVho hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord *Granpeere.*

Con. A valiant man, an expert Gentleman.
Come, come away,
The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. *Exit omnes.*

Enter the King disguised, to him Pistoll.

Pist. Ke ve la?

King. A friend.

Pist. Discus vnto me, art thou a gentleman?
Or art thou common, base, and popeler?

King. No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trailes thou the puissant Pike?

King. Euen so sir. VVhat are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

King. O then thou art better then the King.

Pist. The Kings a bago, and a hart of gold,
A lad of life, an impe of fame,
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kis his durty shooe, and from my heart strings
I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy, a Cornish man;
Art thou of Cornish crew?

King. No sir, I am a *Welchman.*

Pist. A *Welchman*; knowst thou *Flewellen?*

King. I sir, he is my kinsman.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. I sir.

Pist. Figa for thee then; my name is *Pistoll.*

King. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

Pist.

Pist. Pistoll is my name. *Exit Pi*

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gower. Captaine *Flewellen.*

Flew. In the name of Iesu speake lower.
It is the greatest folly in the worell, when the ancien
Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.
I warrant you, if you looke into the wars of the *Rom*
You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bibble babble th
But you shall finde the cares, and the feares,
And the ceremonies to be otherwise.

Gow. Why the enemy is loud: you heard him all ni

Flew. Godes sollud, if the enemy be an asse & a foo
And a prating cocks-combe, is it meet that we be al
A foole, and a prating cocks-combe,
In your conscience now?

Gower. Ile speake lower.

Flew. I beseech you do, good Captaine *Gower.*

Exit Gower and Flew

King. Though it appeare a little out of fashion,
Yet there's much care in this.

Enter three Souldiers.

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder?

2. *Soul.* I, we see the beginning,
God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.

3. *Soul.* Well, I thinke the King could wish himsel
Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,
And so I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with

King. Now masters good morrow, what cheare?

3. *Soul.* If faith small cheere some of vs is like to hau
Ere this day to an end.

King. Why feare nothing man, the king is frolike,

2. *Soul.* I he may be, for he hath no cause as we.

King. Nay say not so, he is a man as we are,
The Violet smels to him as vnto vs;
Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do.

2.